

OXFORD OBSERVER.

"LOVE ALL, DO WRONG TO NONE, BE CHECK'D FOR SILENCE BUT NEVER TAK'D FOR SPEECH.".....SHAKESPEARE.

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THE REFLECTOR.

From Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*.—Ch. xxvi.

I would endeavor to assist you in making the inquiry, whether Religion be on the advance in your soul. And here I shall warn you against some false marks of growth;—and then shall endeavor to lay down others on which you may depend as more solid.

In this view I would observe, that you are not to measure your growth in grace, only or chiefly by your advances in knowledge or in zeal, or in any other passionate impression of the mind; no, nor by the fervour of devotion alone; but by the habitual determination of the will for God, by your prevailing disposition to obey his commands, to submit to his disposals, and to subserve his schemes in the world.

2. It must be allowed, that knowledge and affection in Religion, are indeed desirable. Without some degree of the former, Religion cannot be rational; and it is very reasonable to believe that without some degree of the latter, it cannot be sincere, in creatures whose natures are constituted like ours.—Yet there may be a great deal of rapturous affection where there is no true Religion at all; and therefore much more where there is no advanced state in it. The exercise of our rational faculties upon the evidences of divine revelation, and upon the declaration of it as contained in scripture, may furnish a very wicked man with a well digested body of orthodox divinity in his head, when not one single doctrine of it has ever reached his heart. An eloquent description of the sufferings of Christ, of the solemnities of judgment, of the joys of the blessed and the miseries of the damned, might move the breast even of a man who did not firmly believe them; as we often find ourselves strongly moved by well wrought narrations or discourses, which at the same time we know to have their foundation in fiction. Natural constitution, of such accidental causes as are some of them too low to be here mentioned, may supply the eyes, with a flood of tears, which may discharge itself plentifully upon almost any occasion that shall first arise. And a proud impatience of contradiction, directly opposite as it is to the gentle spirit of Christianity, may make a man's blood boil, when he hears the notions he has entertained, and especially those which he has openly and vigorously espoused, disputed and opposed. This may possibly lead him, in terms of strong indignation, to pour out his zeal and his rage before God, in a fond conceit, that, as the God of truth, he is the patron of those favourite doctrines by whose fair appearance perhaps he himself is misled. And if these speculative refinements, or these affectionate sallies of the mind, be consistent with a total absence of true Religion, they are much more apparently consistent with a very low state of it. I would desire to lead you, my friend, into sublimer notions and juster marks; and refer you to other practical writers, and above all to the book of God, to prove how material they are.

The Emperor [of Germany] Joseph's Prayer.

The following prayer is extracted from an old German work, under the title of Joseph's Gebetbuch, (the Emperor's Prayer Book.) Should you deem it calculated to increase in your readers that spirit of unbounded charity which breathes through the whole, and which is the essence of true Religion, its early insertion will oblige

PRAYER.

"O thou eternal, incomprehensible Being! who art the fountain of mercy and the source of love. Thy sun lights equally the Christian and the Atheist; thy showers equally nourish the fields of the believers and the infidels; the seed of virtue is found even in the heart of the impious and heretic. From Thee I learn, therefore, that diversity of opinion does not prevent Thee from being a beneficent Father to all mankind. Shall I then, Thy feeble creature, be less indulgent? Shall I not permit my subjects to adore Thee in whatever manner they please? Shall I persecute those who differ from me in point of thinking? Shall I spread my Religion with the point of my sword? O Thou! whose mighty power and ineffable love embrace the universe, grant that such erroneous principles may never harbour in my breast! I will try to be like Thee, as far as human efforts can approach infinite perfection! I will be as indulgent as Thou to all men whose tenets differ from mine, and all unnatural compulsion in point of conscience shall be banished forever from my kingdom. Where is the Religion that does not instruct us to love virtue and to detest vice? Let all Religions therefore be tolerated. Let all mankind pay their worship to Thee, thou eternal being! in the manner they think best. Does an error in judgment deserve expulsion from society? And is force the proper way to win the heart, or bring the swerving mind to a true sense of Religion? Let the shameful chains of religious tyranny be parted asunder, and the sweet bonds of fraternal amity unite all my subjects for ever. I am sensible that many difficulties will occur to me in this bold attempt, and that most of them will be thrown in my way by those very persons who style themselves Thy ministers; but may Thy almighty power never forsake me! O thou eternal and incomprehensible Being! fortify my holy resolutions with Thy love, that I may

surmount every obstacle; and let that law of our Divine Master, which inculcates charity and patience, be always impressed upon my heart. Amen."

THE TRAVELLER.

FROM THE NEW-YORK STATESMAN.

CARTER'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

Cambridge, 20th August, 1825.

At 9 o'clock on Thursday morning the 18th instant, three of us who intend making a tour to the North in company, bade adieu to the little circle of our acquaintances in London, and took our seats in the coach for this place, which is fifty miles from the metropolis, in a Northeasterly direction. Our exit was by the Newington road, which for a long distance presented a full view of the dome of St. Paul's and the hundred spires and turrets of London, upon which we turned and gazed, as the city receded, until it was lost in a dense atmosphere. The suburbs in this direction are not remarkably interesting. There are extensive brick-yards by the way-side, in which immense quantities of tile and other materials for building are manufactured. The air was filled with coal smoke, proceeding from the kilns, rendered more disagreeable by a rainy morning. An hour's ride, however, carried us beyond the confined atmosphere of the city, and brought us into a region of bright skies, pure breezes, and scenes of rural quiet a change, which at this season was peculiarly grateful to all the senses, dissipating languor and giving tone to the mind as well as to the body.

After passing Tottenham Cross, we entered a rich agricultural country, possessing the usual charms of the English landscape. Our route was on the northern road, along the New river, from which London is supplied with water, and leading by Waltham Cross, a curious monument erected by Edward the 1st, near an old abbey of the same name, in commemoration of his queen. Eighteen miles on this side of London, we passed Old Hall and the East India College, at a distance from the road. To one of the principal officers of the latter, the English gentleman whom we met at the Lakes of Killarney, politely gave us a letter of introduction, and it is our intention to visit the institution before leaving the country, though our arrangements would not permit the inconvenience and delay it would cause at present. It is situated in a retired part of Herefordshire, with no mode of conveyance from the coach. Our exit from London, as well as our entrance, led through places consecrated by the feats of Cowper's hero, the immortal Gilpin, whose race-ground has interested us more than any course which has been observed since landing, not excepting those, where golden cups may have been won by the studs of noblemen. The village of "Ware" derives its principal interest from this ludicrous ballad, and from an account given by the coachman of a mammoth bed, at an inn, called the Saracen's Head, which is sufficiently capacious to hold twenty persons at a time. It is not impossible, that "John and his loving wife," with eighteen others, slept in it, during an excursion so celebrated in song.

Near this place, we met lady Salisbury in her coach, with two postillions, and a brace of out-riders, all in livery. She is said to be a second Diana Vernon in horsemanship, riding full speed and leaping the most formidable barriers at the stag-hunts, in which she is peculiarly fond of participating. The English ladies generally ride on horseback with boldness, dexterity, and gracefulness. Their beaver hats, exactly resembling those of the other sex; their high collars and black cravats, tied before in the style of a fashionable gentleman; with the appendage of a long whip, give them somewhat of a masculine appearance. One of the causes, however, of rosy cheeks and healthy complexions may be found in these equestrian exercises, and in the habit of walking much more than is common in our country.

At the distance of twenty miles from this place, the aspect of the country suddenly changes, from landscape, studded with copes of large trees, to naked swells of land, resembling the Irish scenery, except that the surface is less variant. It has a light soil, but is productive of rye, wheat, barley, peas and beans. There are no fences of any kind for miles. The necessity of them is superseded by a regulation, prohibiting domestic animals from running at large. Hundreds of poor women and children were seen gleaning the extensive fields, picking up an ear of a time and filling their aprons. The scene brought to mind a beautiful passage in the Seasons; and we could not but unite in the humane wish of the poet, that the reaper might be merciful in gathering the harvest, leaving a liberal portion to compensate the toils of these industrious females. A gentleman in the coach informed me, that they sometimes collect enough to make five or six bushels of wheat; and that whole families are supplied with bread for the year by the fruits of such patient toil. It is accounted respectable and odious, on the part of the wealthy proprietor of the field, to be rigid and niggardly in his directions to the reapers; and public sentiment in some measure compels him to scatter his bounty.

From an eminence over which the road leads, we had a distinct view of the Cathedral at Ely, distant thirty miles, and of the Chapel of King's College at this place, as well as the whole surrounding country. It is unusual to command so wide a horizon in England, where the atmosphere is less transparent, and the skies less brilliant, than in the United States. But the afternoon was uncommonly bright, being a perfect contrast to the obscurity and gloom of the morning.

At 4 o'clock the coach drove into the ancient town of Cambridge, and passing several of the colleges, which compose the university, set us down at the Sun Hotel. With all the modern improvements, which have been very extensive within a few years, there is nothing prepossessing in its irregular, narrow streets, or low antique houses; and although the architecture of some of the public buildings at once commanded our admiration, increased by being associated with one of the most celebrated seats of learning in the world, little did we expect to leave the place with those favourable impressions, and that heartfelt regret, which a stay of a day or two created. By a curious coincidence, our arrival was on the anniversary of my visit last summer to Dartmouth; and the recollection of pleasures enjoyed at that seat of learning, in the society of its scholars, and the circle of my friends, heightened the gratification derived from rambling through the classic shades of a kindred institution—the fountain whence the former drew much of its science, literature, and taste. Upon the banks of the Cam, I found many interesting memorials of those authors, whose works had afforded me so much delight upon the wilder and more romantic banks of the Connecticut. Newton, Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Gray, and a host of others! Who would not venerate the Alma Mater of such sons—who would not love the haunts of their early meditations, and the groves which their footsteps have hallowed.

But my feelings are in advance of my story:—An obliging friend in New-York, among his many favours gave me an introduction to a Fellow of one of the Colleges, requesting him to make me acquainted with the Professor of Chemistry. On arriving at the hotel, the letter, with a card, was enclosed to the first mentioned gentleman, and immediately despatched by a servant: who in a few minutes returned with a report, that "the man had left off tutoring, and had been out of town two months." As we had no other letter to this ancient seat of the Muses, such intelligence created not a little disappointment and regret, and for a time it was feared, our visit would be lost. Thanks to that generous hospitality and that spirit of liberality and kindness, which can overlook the feelings of strangers, our desponding anticipations were far from being realized; and I rejoice at an incident, which only served to increase my respect and esteem for gentlemen, with whom we afterwards became acquainted.

As a last resort, and in violation of the rigid rules of politeness, the letter was enclosed to the gentleman indirectly named in it, with an apology for such a procedure. A friendly note, containing an invitation to breakfast the next morning, was soon received in reply. Although favours of this description were neither sought nor expected, the courtesy was too frank and cordial to be declined. Such an introduction, brief and indirect as it was, led to a series of attentions, to manifestations of liberality of feeling, and to personal acquaintances, which will be long remembered with gratitude and pleasure. An instance so strongly marked and unequivocal in its character, in an institution too whose officers might be supposed to feel all the pride of opinion, satisfied me that the more liberal portion of the people of England entertain no other than the kindest feelings towards the United States, and earnestly desire that no political occurrences may hereafter interrupt the friendly relations between the two countries.

But let facts, and not my own inferences, drawn perhaps from data too limited, or under circumstances calculated to bias the judgment speak for themselves. After breakfasting with the Professor of Chemistry, and being introduced to his family, he devoted the whole day and evening to us, doing every thing which unostentatious kindness could suggest; to render our visit profitable and pleasant. Our first call was at the Philosophical and Literary Rooms, which are spacious and commodious, finished in handsome style, and furnished with newspapers, periodical journals, and a handsome library for the use of the Society, whose members here hold their stated meetings, and assemble daily to read and converse. The North American Review was observed among the books upon the table.

Our new and obliging acquaintance next conducted us to Trinity College, which is the most extensive and celebrated of the seventeen sister institutions, which form the University. It is a magnificent pile of buildings, standing around several open courts, covered with green sod. The largest of these areas is 330 feet long and 272 wide, in the centre of which is a stone fountain, supplied with excellent water by an aqueduct. Around these verdant courts, kept in a state of perfect neatness, the ranges of college buildings extend, with arched piazzas on

the basement forming commodious walks in inclement weather. The apartments of the officers, fellows, scholars, and other residents are handsome and convenient; with their names upon the doors, like private dwellings.

Trinity College was founded by Edward the Third, and its funds greatly increased by Henry VIII. The liberal donations of the latter were subsequently augmented by Queen Mary. It has produced a great number of eminent men, among whom are Newton, Bacon, Coke, Dr. Barrow the Divine, Dryden and Cowley, poets; Dr. Bentley and Porson, profound scholars and critics; with hundreds of lesser stars. Monuments of these celebrated men adorn the ancient and venerable halls of Trinity. The college at present consists of about sixty Fellows, seventy scholars, and three of four hundred undergraduates. It has in its gift sixty-three livings, and the appointment to the mastership of three schools.

THE REPOSITORY.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE.

The following Story is from Grimm's *Popular Stories*, translated from the German:—

There was once a fisherman who lived with his wife in a ditch, close by the sea side. The fisherman used to go out all day long, a-fishing; and one day, as he sat on the shore with his rod, looking at the shining water, and watching his line, all on a sudden his float was dragged away deep under the sea; and in drawing it up, he pulled a great fish out of the water. The fish said to him, "Pray, let me live. I am not a real fish; I am an enchanted prince: put me in the water again, and let me go." "Oh," said the man, "you need not make so many words about the matter; I wish to have nothing to do with a fish that can talk; so swim away as soon as you please." Then he put him back into the water, and the fish darted straight down to the bottom, and left a long streak of blood behind him.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the ditch, he told her how he had caught a great fish, and how it had told him it was an enchanted prince, and that on hearing it speak he had let it go again. "Did you not ask it for any thing?" said the wife. "No," said the man, "what should I ask it for?" "Ah," said the wife, "we live very wretchedly here in this dirty ditch: do go back and tell the fish we want a little cottage."

The fisherman did not much like the business: however, he went to the sea, and when he came there, the water looked all yellow and green. And he stood at the water's edge, and said, "O man of the sea, Come hither to me, For Alice, my wife, The plague of my life, Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee."

Then the fish came swimming to him, and said "Well, what does she want?" "Ah," answered the fisherman, "my wife says that when I had caught you, I ought to have asked you for something before I let you go again; she does not like living in the ditch, and wants a little cottage." "Go home, then," said the fish, "she is in the cottage already." So the man went home, and saw his wife standing at the door of a cottage. "Come in, come in!" said she, "is not this much better than the ditch?" And there was a parlour, and a bedroom, and a kitchen, and behind the cottage there was a little garden with all sorts of flowers and fruits, and a court-yard full of ducks and chickens. "Ah!" said the fisherman, "how happily we shall live." "We will try to do so, at least," said his wife.

Every thing went right for a week or two; and then dame Alice said, "Husband, there is not room enough in this cottage; the court-yard and garden are a great deal too small: I should like to have a large stone castle to live in; so go to the fish again, and tell him to give us a castle." "Wife," said the fisherman, "I do not like to go to him again, for perhaps he will be angry; we ought to be content with the cottage." "Nonsense," said his wife, "he will do it very willingly: go along and try."

The fisherman went; but his heart was very heavy, and when he came to the sea, it looked blue and gloomy, though it was quite calm; and he went close to it and said,

"O man of the sea, Come listen to me, For Alice, my wife, The plague of my life, Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee."

"Well, what does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah," said the man very sorrowfully, "my wife wants to live in a stone castle."—"Go home, then," said the fish, "she is standing at the door of it already." So away went the fisherman, and found his wife standing before a great castle. "See," said she, "is not this grand?" With that they went into the castle together, and found a great many servants there, and the rooms all richly furnished and full of golden chairs and tables; and behind the castle was a garden, and a wood half a mile long, full of sheep, and horses, and deer; and in the court-yards were stables and cow-houses. "Well," said the man, "now will we live contented and happy in this beautiful castle for the rest of our lives."

"Perhaps we may," said his wife, "but let

us consider and sleep upon it before we make up our minds," so they went to bed.

The next morning when dame Alice awoke it was broad day-light; she jogged the fisherman with her elbow, and said, "Get up, husband, and bestir yourself, for we must be King of all the land." "Wife, wife," said the man, "why should we wish to be King? I will not be King." "Then I will," said Alice. "But, wife," answered the fisherman, "how can you be King? the fish cannot make you a King." "Husband," said she, "say no more about it but go and try; I will be King!" So the man went away quite sorrowful to think his wife should want to be King. The sea looked of a dark grey colour, and was covered with foam, as he cried out,

"O man of the sea,
Come listen to me,
For Alice, my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee."

"Well, what would she have now," said the fish. "Alas," said the man, "my wife wants to be King." "Go home," said the fish, "she is King already."

The fisherman then went home, and as he came close to the palace, he saw a troop of soldiers, and heard the sound of drums and trumpets; and when he entered in, he saw his wife sitting on a high throne of gold and diamonds, with a golden crown upon her head, and on each side of her stood six beautiful maidens, each a head taller than the other. "Well, wife," said the fisherman, "are you King?" "Yes," said she, "I am King." And when he had looked at her for a long time, he said, "Ah, wife! what a fine thing it is to be King! now we shall never have any thing more to wish for." "I don't know how that may be," said she; "never is a long time. I am King, 'tis true, but I begin to be tired of it, and I think I should like to be an Emperor." "Alas," said the fisherman, "why should you wish to be Emperor?" "Husband," said she, "go to the fish; I say I will be Emperor." "Ah, wife," replied the fisherman, "the fish cannot make you an Emperor, and I should not like to ask for such a thing." "I am King," said Alice, "and you are my slave; so go directly!" So the fisherman was obliged to go—and he muttered, as he went along, "This will come to no good—it is too much to ask—the fish will be tired at last, and then we shall repent of what we have done." He soon arrived at the sea, and the water was quite black and muddy, and a mighty whirlwind blew over it; but he went to the shore and said,

"O man of the sea,
Come listen to me,
For Alice, my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee."

"What would she have now," said the fish. "Ah," said the fisherman, "she wants to be Emperor." "Go home," said the fish, "she is Emperor already."

So he went home again; and as he came near, he saw his wife sitting on a very lofty throne, made of solid gold, with a great crown on her head, full two yards high, and on each side of her stood her guards and attendants in a row, each one smaller than the other, from the tallest giant down to a little dwarf, no larger than my finger. And before her stood Princes and Dukes and Earls—and the fisherman went up to her and said, "Wife, are you Emperor?" "Yes," said she, "I am Emperor." "Ah," said the man, as he gazed upon her, "What a fine thing it is to be Emperor!" "Husband," said she, "why should we stay at being Emperor? I will be Pope next." "O wife, wife!" said he, "how can you be Pope? There is but one Pope at a time in Christendom." "Husband," said she, "I will be Pope this very day." "But," replied the husband, "the fish cannot make you a Pope." "What nonsense!" said she, "if he can make me an Emperor, he can make me a Pope—go and try him!" So the fisherman went. But when he came to the shore, the wind was raging, and the sea was tossed up and down like boiling water, and the ships were in the greatest distress, and danced upon the waves most fearfully—in the middle of the sky there was a little blue, but towards the south it was all red, as if a dreadful storm was rising. At this the fisherman was terribly frightened, and trembled so that his knees knocked together; but he went to the shore and said,

"O man of the sea,
Come listen to me,
For Alice, my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee."

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah," said the fisherman, "my wife wants to be Pope." "Go home," said the fish, "she is Pope already."

Then the fisherman went home and found his wife sitting on a throne that was two miles high—and she had three great crowns upon her head, and around her stood all the pomp and power of the Church—and on each side were two rows of burning lights, of all sizes, the greatest as large as the highest and biggest tower in the world, and the least no larger than a small rush-light. "Wife," said the fisherman, as he looked at all this grandeur, "are you Pope?" "Yes," said she, "I am Pope." "Well, wife," said he, "it is a grand thing to be Pope—and now you must be content, for you can be nothing greater." "I will consider of that," said the wife. Then they went to bed—but dame Alice could not sleep all night, for thinking what she should be next. At last, morning came, and the sun rose. "Ha," thought she, as she looked at it through the window, "cannot I prevent the sun rising?" At this she was very angry, and awakened her husband, and said, "Husband, go to the fish, and tell him I want to be lord of the sun and moon." The fisherman was half asleep, but the thought

frightened him so much, that he started and fell out of bed. "Alas, wife," said he, "I cannot you be contented to be Pope?" "No," said she, "I am very uneasy, and cannot bear to see the sun and moon rise without my leave. Go to the fish directly."

Then the man went trembling for fear; and as he was going down to the shore, a dreadful storm arose, so that the trees and the rocks shook; and the heavens became black, and the lightning played, and the thunder rolled; and you might have seen in the sea great black waves like mountains, with a white crown of foam upon them; and the fisherman said,

"O man of the sea,
Come listen to me,
For Alice, my wife,
The plague of my life,
Hath sent me to beg a boon of thee."

"What does she want now?" said the fish. "Ah," said he, "she wants to be lord of the sun and moon." "Go home," said the fish, "to your ditch again!"

And there they have lived to this very day.

Mr. Sprague's Speech.

REVOLUTIONARY OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.
House of Representatives, April 26.

The Bill for the Relief of the surviving Officers of the Revolutionary Army being under consideration, in Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, Mr. Webster in the Chair—

Mr. SPRAGUE, of Maine, addressed the Committee as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN: Sufficient, perhaps, has already been said in behalf of the officers of the Revolution. I propose to say something for the Soldiers also. I am in favour of the amendment which has just been offered by the gentleman from Massachusetts, (Mr. REED.) I believe that the Soldiers of the Revolution have a just claim upon us for a much larger amount than any that has been proposed to be given to them. We owe them a just debt, and it arises from our violations of our engagements to them.

In the first place, as to their wages. We were bound to have paid them in money. This we did not do, but delivered them merely paper, or certificates of debt, which were not money; they were not the measure of value, but their own value fluctuated, according to the varying opinions of the times. They were an article of trade in the market, and, like every other kind of merchandise, their real value was their market price; which was from an eighth to a tenth of their nominal amount. The Soldier, then, was compelled to receive an article at eight or ten times its real worth, so that, in fact, he obtained, at most, but an eighth part of his wages. I say at most; at times, indeed, it was far less. The gravest of our historians has told us, that, at one time, such was the depreciation, that the pay of a captain would not have furnished the shoes in which he marched against the enemy, and many expended their little all in supplying themselves with the humble accommodations which their stations required. We have thus paid to the Soldiers but a small fraction of their wages. Our country was in the condition of an insolvent debtor, and made but a small dividend among our creditors. Why should we not now, when we have the abundant means, make payment of the residue? It has been said that we should pay nothing now, because it has cost the United States the full nominal amount, as the Government eventually reclaimed the paper. If it were so, what matters that to the Soldier? If a creditor is offered an article, at ten times its value, in discharge of his demand, is it of any consequence to tell him how much it cost the debtor? Suppose we had compelled the Soldier to take any other specific article, at such an enhanced price, and he had remonstrated against being thus defrauded, would it be any answer to say to him, "We purchased the article on credit, and our credit was so bad that it cost us much more than it was worth."

Sir, that which we did deliver, in payment, rested wholly upon our credit; if that credit was so defective that it cost us ten times its real value, is the whole loss to be thrown upon the Soldier? Was it his fault, that we did not discharge our duty and sustain our credit?

But, again, it is objected, if he had retained the paper long enough he might have obtained full payment. That is, if he had kept the article on hand, for a series of years, it might have risen in value.—And what if it had? Does not every one know that the price which a thing bears when it is received in payment determines the amount of the debt thereby discharged, and that its subsequent rise or depression cannot increase or diminish it? And besides this, are we to say to the poor Soldier, who expended his last farthing in our defence, who could not even reach his home without charity, and was compelled to part with his certificate to save himself and his children from starvation, shall we say to him, you ought to have kept your paper ten long years, and then you might have obtained the full amount? Is it but a mockery of his wrongs to tell him—if you had done what was impossible you might have been paid. I will not pause to estimate the amount of loss sustained by depreciation, because, the reflection of a moment must satisfy every one, that it very far exceeds the sums named in the bill and the amendment.

But, sir, independently of the depreciation, we have never paid the full amount of the paper or certificates which we compelled the Soldier to receive. It is well known that, in the funding of the public debt, which took place nearly ten years after the close of the war, and more than ten years after much of the debt was contracted, the interest was not paid but funded on interest of three per cent. payable at the pleasure of the Government. The principal was not paid; but two thirds was funded at an interest of six per cent. and interest on the other third was deferred for ten years. From this statement merely, the loss to the creditor does not appear to be great; but in order to exhibit it truly, let us take an example and compute the loss sustained by the holder of paper for one thousand dollars. The simple interest for ten years was six hundred dollars, which was funded at three per cent. Such was the pressure of the times, and the high rate of interest at that period, that it has been estimated that the amount thus funded was worth but fifty per cent. To be within bounds, suppose the difference to be one third, then the 600 dollars thus funded, was worth but 400 dollars, and the loss was but 200 dollars.

One third of the principal bore no interest for ten years. Simple interest for that time on one third of a thousand dollars, amounted to two hundred dollars more, making the loss four hundred dollars. Simple interest upon this sum, for thirty years exceeds seven hundred dollars, which added to the four hundred, makes the loss which the holder of paper to the amount of one thousand dollars has suffered, by the mode and time of payment adopted by the Government, to exceed eleven hundred dollars—so that the sum which we withheld, out of that which we had solemnly promised in writing, with simple interest only, is now more than the original amount of the debt.

Again, sir, the Soldier had a right to demand money of us, and that too at a time when he was in the utmost distress for it. If we could not pay it, we should at least have put the debt on interest, payable quarterly, as a funded debt, from the beginning. This we could have done; and as we did not, we are now bound to place him in as good condition as he would have been in, if we had performed our duty. And, if we had paid interest quarterly, could he not have realized as much as interest compounded annually? Would not every honourable man pay so much to an individual whom he had thus wronged? And if gentlemen will make the computation, by this rule, they will find that we should now pay more than three thousand dollars to every one who was an original creditor to the amount of one thousand dollars! A startling amount, truly. Gentlemen, however, need not be alarmed, they are not asked for such a sum, nor any thing like it. Only a small part, even of the simple interest, is now requested. But I thought it not amiss to suggest to them how much might be demanded, upon principles, which it would be difficult, in fairness, to contest. So much for the loss to our creditor. Was there not a corresponding gain to ourselves? I know it has been said, that we paid, and redeemed our paper. But, sir, it is matter of history, that by the mode of payment, as it has been called, or rather, by the non-payment of our domestic debt, we saved the full sum of thirteen millions of dollars, out of the sum which we had expressly promised—out of the face of our bond! If this sum had been paid, or funded then, we must have paid interest upon it until the present time, for we have never yet been out of debt; and our national finances are now in a better condition, by at least fifty millions of dollars, than they would have been if we had fully paid our domestic debt. We have then, in our hands, fifty millions of dollars which belong to our creditors, and which sum we have no right to retain, if they come forward to claim it. And now, the most meritorious of those creditors ask for less than one year's interest of that sum, and yet we are told that we ought to reject their demand!

The Soldiers of the Revolution might present still further claims upon us. When we enlisted them into our service we entered into other engagements to them beside the payment of their wages. We bound ourselves to furnish them suitable food, clothing, and medicines, and all the necessities of a soldier's life. How was this stipulation fulfilled? Let our history—let Washington himself, answer this question. How often, and how feelingly, do they repeat and reiterate the wants and sufferings of the army, through our violation of our engagements? They declare that "actual famine" existed in the army; that the soldiers had been "half the time without provisions," and "had no magazines nor money;" that they "were bereft of every hope from the Commissaries;" and, at one time, the soldiers ate every kind of horse food but hay; and "were perpetually on the point of starving." As to clothes, they declare, "that neither the bodies nor feet of the soldiers were protected from the frosts and cold of the inclement season, and after being exposed through the day to the rigours of winter, night brought no relief;" that they "were without clothes, and without blankets, and at one time, amid the frosts of winter, nearly three thousand men were barefoot in camp, besides the number confined to the hospitals for want of shoes." And Washington describes their distress in these emphatic words—"Our sick, naked! Our well, naked! Our unfortunate men in captivity, naked!"

Such, we are told by the highest authorities, was the lamentable deficiency of the primary articles of food and clothing; and that, as to all minor necessities, they were almost unknown. They tell you, that in every department the utmost distress prevailed, and that many, very many, sunk under their accumulated hardships—that, from incessant toil, from insufficient and unwholesome food; from want of vegetables, want of tents, and want of clothes, great sickness prevailed; the hospitals were crowded, and the medical department being unprovided, great mortality followed, and unusual numbers were carried from the hospitals to the grave. Do not sufferings like these deserve some consideration? Will not the mere niggard of justice, calculating only dollars and cents, admit that they have a right to demand from us the value of the food and clothing and other necessities which we wrongfully withheld? And will not every mind, imbued with sentiments of moral right, spontaneously declare, with Washington, that compensation ought also to be made to them, for the tortures which we inflicted by our neglect and violation of our duty? The amount I will not attempt to estimate. Let gentlemen recur to our Revolutionary struggle, and consult their own hearts and their own judgments, and then say what is due to the Soldier; who, feeble and sinking for want of food and sustenance, marched, during the day, through snow and ice on naked feet, exposed unclad to the winter's cold, with no resting place at night but the earth, and no covering but the skies; passing through sufferings which human nature could not sustain unbroken; and falling a prey to pestilence, more deadly and far more terrific than the sword of the enemy. Cheerfully did he face the cannon's mouth, and dare a soldier's death on the field of honour; but what rewards, in your power to bestow, would have purchased his consent to meet all the loathsome forms of disease—to breathe the hospitals' nauseous contagions, or the corruption of a prison ship, and linger through protracted tortures, unheeded and unknown, toward an inglorious death? Let him, who has felt the withering hand of disease, say what atonement we should make for causing horrors like these.

I have thus, sir, endeavored to state the grounds upon which I contend that injustice has been done to the Soldiers of the Revolution. In the first place, making payment of their wages in depreciated paper. Secondly, withholding a part, even of the nominal amount, which we had promised; and thirdly, other breaches of contract on our part, causing peculiar privations and sufferings to them.

And now I would ask, sir, who are the men whom we have thus grievously wronged? Are they mere hirelings to whom we should be content to weigh out justice by the grain and scruple, or are they our greatest earthly benefactors? They were actuated by higher and purer motives than any soldiers that ever assembled, and exhibited a spectacle of unyielding fortitude, and self-denying magnanimity, unequalled in the annals of mankind. Others, under a momentary enthusiasm, or in the hurrying fever of battle, have fought as desperately. Others, when far from their country, have endured and persevered for individual self-preservation. But where, in all history, is an example of a soldier, with no power to controul them, who, in a single day, perhaps, could have reached their homes in safety, voluntarily continuing to endure such protracted miseries, from no motive but inward principle and a sense of duty? They were imbued with a loftier and more expanded spirit of patriotism and philanthropy, and achieved more for the happiness of their country, and of mankind, than any army that ever existed. And where is there an example of moral sublimity equal to their last act of self-devotion, after peace and independence had been conquered. That army who had dared the power, and humbled the pride of Britain, and wrested a nation from her grasp; that army, with swords in their hands, need not have used and begged for justice. They could have righted their own wrongs, and meted out their own rewards. The country was prostrate before them; and if they had raised their arms, and proclaimed themselves sovereign,

where was the power that could have resisted their way? They were not unconscious of their strength, nor did they want incitements to use it.

The author of the celebrated Newburg letters, told them, your country disdains your cries, and tramples upon your distresses. He conjured them, in the most eloquent and energetic language, to exert the power which they held, and never to lay down their arms until ample justice had been obtained. He warned them, if once disarmed and dispersed, your voice will sink; your remonstrances will be unheard; you will grow old in poverty, and waste through the file mire of dependency. What was their answer, when thus urged and thus tempted? With one voice, they spurned the dark suggestions, voluntarily surrendered their arms, and submitted themselves unconditionally to the civil power. It was then, that their illustrious Commander said, in the words read by the gentleman from Pennsylvania yesterday, "Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection, which human nature is capable of attaining." They quietly dispersed and departed for their homes, in every part of your wide domain, unfettered, penniless, carrying with them nothing but the proud consciousness of the purity and dignity of their conduct, and a firm reliance upon their country's honour, and their country's faith. And what return has been made to them? Have they not found your high-blown honour a painted bubble, and your pledged faith a broken reed? Have not those dark predictions of your ingratitude, which you then indignantly repelled, as slanders foul and false, at which you were ready to exclaim, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" have they not been too much realized? Have not the petitions of the Soldiers of the Revolution been disregarded? Have they not grown old in poverty? Do they not now owe the miserable remnant of their lives to charity? Sir, if we change not our conduct towards them, it must crimson with shame the front of history.

I will here notice some objections which have been urged against the bill. The gentleman from North Carolina, (Mr. ALSTON,) and the gentleman from Tennessee, (Mr. MITCHELL,) have insisted, that there are others who have equal claims with those who composed the army of the Revolution; such as served in civil offices, or furnished articles of necessity to the Government. In addition to what I have already said, it would not be difficult to show, that there are many points of clear and marked discrimination between the cases. But I will not consume the valuable time of this Committee by running parallels, or making comparisons which would be useless; for, if it be as the gentlemen contend, it cannot affect the argument. I have endeavored to show, and, in my humble judgment, have shown, that we owe to the Soldiers of the Revolution a just debt. The gentleman says, that we owe others also. What then is the inference? They say, that we should pay neither. I say, that we should pay both. We should be honest at all times, and toward all men. The principles which I advocate are those of good faith and eternal justice, and it is no answer to tell me, that they are applicable to other cases beside those before us. I shrink not from following out these principles. I would extend them to all cases to which they can be legitimately applied. But then, it is objected, that these other creditors cannot now make out their claim, and we cannot extend them relief. And, if we cannot do all that we ought, shall we therefore do nothing? If some of those whom we have wronged, have been placed by time and death beyond the reach of reparation, shall we therefore spurn from us those long-suffering creditors who are now suing for justice at our hand? This may be policy; it may be expediency;—it is not right.

The gentleman from North Carolina, (Mr. ALSTON,) is alarmed at the expense, and warns us to count the cost of the measure proposed. Are we then to pay our debts only when it can be done at a cheap rate? Are we to preserve the national honour and the national faith, to exercise justice and gratitude only when they will cost nothing? Sir, the able exposition of the state of our finances, made by the Committee of Ways and Means at the present session, shows that the Treasury can meet the drafts now proposed upon it, without interfering with any objects of national importance. But, were it otherwise, in order to discharge these most sacred obligations, I would retrench and economize. I would do what an honest man should to pay his private debts, "rise up early, and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness." I would yield to no allurement, but pare down our expenditures to the point of absolute necessity. I would bar all Oregon establishments, stop short on our roads, canals, and railways, and even pause in our system of fortifications for national defence; for, the confidence and affection of the people, founded upon our justice, is a safer bulwark than would be a wall of brass encircling our whole dominions.

It is said by the gentleman from North Carolina, that the States individually have done much. Have they discharged our obligations? If we have cast our benefactors upon their charity, and they have relieved a part of their sufferings, does it absolve us from our duty? Is it not rather a stinging reproach, which should stimulate us to make instant reparation for our past omissions?

There is no danger from the precedent to be established; for precedents can apply only to cases that are similar: And can claims like these ever again arise? Can time go back? Can this nation revert to a state of colonial vassalage? Can we return to the wants and the weakness of infancy, and, writhing under oppression, be driven to the desperate struggle for existence? Can the scenes of the Revolution be acted over again, and your soldiers, unclad, unshod, and amid indescribable horrors, again bear you on their swords, through darkness and blood to independence; and then be sent away unrewarded, to pine in neglect and misery for nearly half a century? Can these things ever be again? And suppose that, in the course of human events, our country should be so reduced, that we should have nothing to pledge to our honour, and should be engaged in conflict with a gigantic power, in which life and liberty should be at stake, should we then regret a precedent like this, inspiring confidence in our faith, and giving vigour to our soldiers to redeem us from impending destruction?

We have heard much about pensions, and have been told by the gentleman from North Carolina, (Mr. ALSTON,) that the pension law of 1815 was so ruinous that we were compelled to repeal it in two years. And the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. McCLOY,) told us, on a former occasion, that our pension system was more extensive than that of any other country; that the present laws went too far in favour of the Soldiers of the Revolution, and he would repeal them. This word pension is held up to us as a name of terror. There has been an odium attached to it, which has been in some degree extended to the persons who are pensioners, and thus, I apprehend, a shade of prejudice has been cast over the Soldiers themselves. I am never disposed to dispute about words; but they ought not to be so used as to misrepresent things. This term pension, as we all know, is borrowed from England, where it is justly hateful; for, to use the words of her great moralist, the giant of her literature, it is there "generally understood to mean the pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country." Is a term of infamy like this to be transported hither, and applied to the scanty and hard-earned rewards bestowed on the most self-devoted of patriots? Those who would alarm us with the idea that we are following the example of Great Britain, should remember that pensions there are gratuities, often drawn from

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the poor and humble, and generally bestowed on the powerful, to swell their luxury and bribe their support to the ruling powers. But what we call pensions here, are bestowed upon the poor and decrepit and miserable, to give them merely the necessities of life. Why have we thus applied the word pension? Is it not because we were unwilling to give to our acts their true name, the tardy and stinted payment of a just debt, but chose rather, out of vanity, or as a flatteringunction, to call them gratuities: that we might appear to be generous, when we were hardly just. I care not for names; but I would not have gentlemen who have christened their own offspring in their own way, now quarrel with and discard it, for the name it bears.

It has been said by the gentleman from Virginia, (Mr. McCoy,) and the gentleman from Tennessee, (Mr. Mitchell,) that we have already made provision for the poor and the necessitous, and that we ought to go no further. Sir, the Soldiers of the Revolution have a claim of right upon us, and I would do equal and ample justice to all, and not mete it out with a stinted and partial hand. I would not make the payment of our debts to depend upon the poverty of our creditors. No, sir, I would not say to the heroes who fought our battles, and, in the dark hour of our adversity, wrought out our political salvation, and to whom we delivered only tattered rags, and called them, in mockery, payment for their services; men, whose disinterested achievements are not transcended in all the annals of chivalry, and who, for us, confronted horrors not surpassed in all the histories of all the martyrs—to these men, of honour most cherished, and sentiments most exalted—our fathers, the authors of our being—I would not now say, come before us in the garb of mendicants—bow your proud spirits in the dust—tear open the wounds of the heart, which, you have concealed from every eye, and expose your nakedness to a cold, unfeeling world, and put all upon record, as a perpetual memorial of your country's ingratitude; and then—we will bestow a pittance in charity! You talk of erecting statues, and marble memorials of the Father of his country. It is well. But, could his spirit now be heard within these walls, would it not tell you, that to answer his fervent prayers, and verify his confident predictions of your gratitude to his companions in arms, would be a sweeter incense, a more grateful homage to his memory, than the most splendid mausoleum! You gave hundreds of thousands of dollars to Lafayette. It is well: and the whole country resounded, amen. But is not the citizen soldier who fought at his side, who devoted every thing to your service, and has been deprived of his promised reward, equally entitled, I will not say, to your liberality, but to your justice?

Sir, the present provisions for the Soldiers of the Revolution is not sufficient. Even the act of 1818 was less comprehensive than it ought to have been. It should have embraced all, without any discrimination, except of services. But that act, partly by subsequent laws, and partly by illiberal rules of construction, has been narrowed far within its original scope. I am constrained to say, that, in the practical execution of these laws, the whole beneficent spirit of our institutions seems to have been reversed. Instead of presuming every man to be upright and true until the contrary appears, every applicant seems to be supposed to be false and perjurer. Instead of bestowing these hard-earned rewards with alacrity, they appear to have been refused, or yielded with reluctance; and to send away the war-worn veteran, bowed down with the infirmities of age, empty from your door, seems to have been deemed an act of merit. So rigid has been the construction and application of the existing law, that cases most strictly within its provisions, of meritorious service and abject poverty, have been excluded from its benefits. Yet gentlemen tell us, that this law, so administered, is too liberal; that it goes too far, and they would repeal it. They would take back even the little which they have given! And is this possible? Look abroad upon this wide extended land, upon its wealth, its happiness, its hopes; and then turn to the aged Soldier who gave you all, and see him descend in neglect and poverty to the tomb! The time is short. A few years and these remnants of a former age will no longer be seen. Then we shall indulge unavailing regrets for our present apathy—for, how can the ingenious mind look upon the grave of an injured benefactor? How poignant the reflection, that the time for reparation and atonement has gone forever? In what bitterness of soul shall we look back upon the infatuation which shall have cast aside an opportunity which never can return, to give peace to our conscience. We shall then endeavor to stifle our convictions, by empty honours to their bones. We shall raise high the monument, and trumpet loud their deeds, but it will be all in vain. It cannot warm the hearts which shall have sunk cold and comfortless to the earth. This is no illusion. How often do we see, in our public gazettes, a pompous display of honours to the memory of some veteran patriot, who was suffered to linger out his latter r days in unregarded penury.

How proud we can press to the funeral array "Of him, whom we shun'd in his sickness and sorrow; And baillifs may seize his last blanket to-day, Whose self shall be borne up by horses to the day." We are profuse in our expressions of gratitude to the Soldiers of the Revolution. We can speak long and loud in their praise, but when asked to bestow something substantial upon them, we hesitate and palter. To them we owe every thing, even the soil which we tread, and the air of freedom which we breathe. Let us not turn them homeless from habitations which they have erected, and refuse them even a pittance from the exuberant fruits of their own labours.

Portsmouth, (Ohio,) April 18.
ELOPEMENT EXTRAORDINARY. We have to record the most unnatural transaction that ever came to our knowledge. It is the elopement of a husband from his wife and seven children, and of a wife from her husband, her child of two years old, and from her infant at the breast. The affair took place in Alexandria, opposite this town, one night last week. It appears that on the night of the elopement, the husband of the absconding wife retired to bed with her and his children, and that as soon as she found him secured by sleep, she arose and dressed herself, took all her clothing, and immediately joining her seducer, they took to their boat which was in readiness, and went down the river. What is more remarkable relative to this transaction: the woman has heretofore borne a good character, is of a respectable family, was affectionate to her husband, kind to her children, and in general esteem by her acquaintances. Among the numerous acts of human depravity which have been recorded in newspapers, we do not recollect ever before to have seen an instance of a mother deserting her infant. The name of the wretch whose awful villainy has thus deprived a fond husband of the companion of his bosom, and helpless children of a mother's care—nay, involved a simple woman in misery and woe, deserves that public indignation should forever rest upon it. It is John Scantling.

Western Times.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, (ME.) THURSDAY, MAY 25, 1826.

MR. SPRAGUE'S SPEECH. We take great pleasure in laying before our readers in this day's paper, the elegant and pathetic Speech of Mr. Sprague, in favour of the "Bill for the relief of the surviving Officers of the Revolutionary Army." It will, no doubt, be read with interest.

THE SUPREME COURT, for this County, closed its May Term on Friday afternoon, (19th inst.) The charge to the Grand Jury, delivered at the opening of the Court, by Chief Justice Mellen, was as usual, characterized for its perspicuity and elegance. He dwelt in a particular manner upon the crime of perjury.—The law questions being disposed of the first day, the remainder of the Term was held by Justice Weston, of whom we believe the gentlemen of the Bar entertain a very high opinion. He certainly presides with dignity, and evinces a candour and patience in the investigation of cases, that is highly creditable to himself, and advantageous to the furtherance of justice.

R. K. GOODENOW, Esq. Clerk of the Courts, has very politely furnished us with the following disposition of the Criminal Docket:

Jesse Bigford—of Porter, found guilty on two indictments, for assault and battery.—Sentenced on the first, to 3 months imprisonment in the common jail; and on the second, to 1 month in the common jail, from and after the expiration of the first sentence.

Ara Libby—of Denmark, on an indictment for larceny, was convicted, and sentenced to 1 month solitary imprisonment, and 1 year hard labour in the State Prison.

Jonathan Fellowes, jr.—late resident of Rumford, was indicted for having in his possession three counterfeit Bills, with intent to pass the same as true—but the Jury did not agree. Fellowes was ordered to recognize in the sum of \$300, with sufficient surety or sureties in the like sum to make his appearance at the next S. J. Court, to be held in this County, on the 2d Tuesday of October next; and having failed during the sitting of the Court, so to recognize, he was remanded to prison.—It is understood that the only point which laboured with the Jury, was the want of sufficient evidence to prove his intent to pass the Bills as true. It did not appear that he ever offered to pass them to any one, or that he denied they were counterfeit. He was seen to put them or some of them in his mouth, and that led to suspicion of his intentions.

THE WEATHER, for some days past has been rather warm and dry. The fires have done considerable damage in the Northern parts of this County. Woodlands have suffered very much, and fences have been destroyed. We also learn that several buildings have been burnt.

APPOINTMENT. Albert Gallatin has been nominated by the President as Minister to England, in room of Mr. King, who returns to this country on account of ill health. This nomination has been confirmed by the Senate. Mr. King's residence at the Court of St. James for about one year, has cost the United States the snug little sum of EIGHTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! Mr. Gallatin must now have an outfit of nine thousand more—stay perhaps a year or two, and then "back again." "Rotation in office" is the motto, let it cost what it may.

NEW PHILOSOPHY. It is said that a young lawyer accounted for the recent extreme warm weather by saying, "that the clouds so surrounded the elements, that the wind could not get at the air."

STAGE REGISTER. We have omitted to notice the receipt of the sixth number of this valuable publication. But it gives us pleasure at this time, to say, that it is well worthy of patronage, and we should be gratified to find it in the Bar-room of every public house.

DISTRESSING CASUALTY. We learn by the Hallowell Gazette, that Capt. Samuel Stinchfield, of Wayne, was run over by a loaded waggon, on Tuesday of last week. The mail carrier from this town to Augusta, informs us, that he died of his wounds on Saturday last.—Accidents of this kind should warn others of like misfortunes.

ACCIDENT. We learn by Capt. Richmond the mail carrier from this town to Augusta, that on Friday afternoon, 12th inst. at the latter place, Mr. John Chamberlain, jr. of Hallowell, aged about twenty-two years, was drowned in the Kennebec river, by the upsetting of a boat.

MASSACHUSETTS CLAIM. A letter from a member of Congress to the editor of the Statesman, dated May 9, says—"No decision has yet been had on the Massachusetts Claim, and it is understood it will not be again called up by our delegation, during the session.—This determination I regret, because I can perceive no advantage likely to arise from further delay; and because it will disappoint the reasonable expectation of the government and people of our State, that a decision, so long protracted, would at length be had on the claim." Bost. Statesman.

CONCORD BANK. The New-Hampshire Patriot, published at Concord, (N. H.) says, we have been requested to state, for the benefit of all concerned, that the charter of the Concord N. H. Bank, (Samuel Sparhawk, Cashier,) will expire by its own limitation on the first day of July next, and that all the bills of said Bank which are not presented for payment on or before that time will be lost to the holders.—16.

The sale of Saxony Sheep the last year, imported by Messrs. Searle, being 81 Rams, 57 Ewes, 12 Ram and 17 Ewe Lambs, amounted to \$26,513 75, averaging for each sheep and lamb \$158 60. The deep and lambs sold this year, as above, be 321 sheep, and 58 lambs, amounts to \$1,047, average for each sheep and lamb about \$44.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

INDIA. The following is an extract of a letter from a very respectable merchant at St. Helena, dated March 10th, to a house in this city—received by the ship Sabina: N. Y. paper.

"We have just received intelligence from Madras, by the English ship Mellish, that the Burmese war is at an end, and that they have been compelled to pay to the British 12,500,000L. sterling, with an assignment of five Provinces."

PORTUGAL. A strong squadron of English men of war have been for some time collecting in the Tagus, to protect the Regency. It is reported in London, that a body guard of 2000 English troops, for the Regent, is immediately to be sent from England. [We greatly doubt whether the known prudence of the present administration will so far compromise the general policy of the country, as to furnish such a guard as this to a foreign prince. B. States.]

FIRE AT LIVERPOOL. On the morning of March 23d, a fire broke out in the warehouse of Mr. Price, ship chandler and roper, in Derby's place opposite the Duke's Dock.—The building was six stories high, and so rapid did the fire extend itself, that in one hour every part of it was in flames. The roof shortly fell in, and scattered the burning fragments over the vicinity. In spite of the engines, the fire, after destroying the warehouse, caught the premises of Mr. Steel, the optician, and entirely destroyed the interior, with his stock in trade.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Another Letter" upon the subject of "Peace Societies" is in type, and shall appear next week.

Married.

In Portland, Amos Nichols, Esq. Secretary of State, to Miss Augusta, daughter of Chief Justice Mellen. In New-Gloucester, by William Lovell, Esq. Doct. Calvin Blake, of St. Albans, to Miss Louisa Haskell, of the former place.

In Minot, by Wm. Lowell, Esq. Mr. Galen Soule, of Hebron, to Miss Clarissa Dudley, of Minot.

Died.

In this town, on the 22d inst. Miss Vula Turner, daughter of Mr. Adam Turner, aged 25 years.—This active and intelligent youth, after a long and distressing sickness, left the world in peace. By this dispensation of God's providence, parents and children are deprived of an affectionate child and amiable sister; but we hope (and not without reason) that her spirit is borne away on Angels' pinions, to the paradise of God.—The parents of the deceased, tender thanks to their friends and neighbours for their kindness during this scene of affliction. [Comm.]

In Portland, Mrs. Susan, aged 29, wife of Major Thomas Todd, Publisher and Proprietor of the Eastern Argus.

SALE AT AUCTION—

ON SATURDAY the 3d June next, at 2 o'clock, P. M. at the Store of J. & F. BEMIS, in Paris.—The West part of Lot numbered 15, in the 6th Range of lots in Paris, containing fifty-four acres, well watered in, and excellent grass and tillage land.

Also—Seven small Lots of LAND; containing from 10 to 21 acres each—a part of which is as good and well wooded as any in town, the other is good pasture and tillage land, and is well fenced on the road. Said Land is a part of Lot numbered 11, in the Fourth Range of Lots in Paris.

Like-wise—One and a fourth acre of LAND, situated about three-fourths of a mile from the Court-House in Paris, on which is an excellent stream of water with a good fall, which, with a very little expense might be converted into one of the best situations for a Tannery, in the County.

Conditions of Sale made known at the time and place of sale. RUSSELL HUBBARD, Auctioneer.

WOOL CARDING, and CLOTH DRESSING.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the Public, that he has taken the FULLING MILL and CARDING MACHINES, owned by Col. H. R. PARSONS, at the South Village in Paris, where he intends carrying on CARDING WOOL & DRESSING CLOTH with neatness and despatch.

A liberal Credit will be given, and all kinds of Country Produce, Wool, or Woollen Clothes will be taken in payment, and upon as good terms as can be done in the country.

He flatters himself that by the engagement of experienced workmen, and having followed the business himself for 3 years, he shall be entitled to a share of public patronage.

Also—Wants to purchase from One to Two Thousand Yards of FLANNEL CLOTH, made of common Wool, spun from 4 to 5 skeins to the pound, well made for Furling—for which Cash will be paid. DANIEL PARSONS.

Paris, May, 1826.

I, the subscriber, hereby certify, that I have assisted in the repairs of the above Carding Machines, and it is my opinion that they are in order to make as good Rotas as any in the State.

99 6w LEWIS COLE.

A PERSON

TRAVELLING through the State, will attend to any business entrusted to his care—such as the adjustment or collection of accounts: PURCHASE or SALE OF LANDS: examination of records as to the validity of titles: recording of deeds in any of the counties: and business generally.

Residence in Oxford County, emigrating to the east, wishing correct information of any parcel of Land can obtain it.

Applications made previous to 10th June, personally, or by letter, (free of postage,) to ATWOOD, GRAM & CO. Exchange-street, WM. B. SEWALL, Esq. Cumberland Bank Buildings, Portland, or to ASA BARTON, Esq. Paris, will be attended to.

NOTICE.

TAKEN on Execution and will be sold at Public Auction on Monday the twenty-sixth day of June next, at two of the clock in the afternoon, at the Store of FRANCIS F. HAINES, Esq. in Livermore, all the right in Equity of which STEPHEN FOY, of said Livermore, Yeoman, has in and to the Farm on which he now lives, situated in the easterly part of Livermore aforesaid.

LASTING STRICKLAND, Jr. Deputy Sheriff.

Livermore, May 23, 1826.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the subscriber either by Note or Account are particularly requested to make immediate payment, or their demands will be left with an Attorney for collection. JACOB JACKSON.

Paris, May 19, 1826.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Albany.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the following lots of Land lying in the town of Albany, and county of Oxford, and State of Maine, belonging to non-resident proprietors, are taxed in bills committed to me the subscriber to collect for said town of Albany, for the year 1825—viz:

No. of Lot.	No. of Range.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Taxes.
T. Hutchinson, Esq.	13	1	160	100 1.00
	13	2	160	100 1.00
	8	2	160	100 1.00
Luther Jordan, place,	1	9	160	100 1.00
	1	9	160	100 1.00

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges, are paid to the subscriber on or before Monday the twenty-eighth day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, so much of said lands as will pay the same, will then be sold at public vendue as the law directs, at the dwelling-house of JOHN HUNT, Innholder, in said Albany.

PARSONS HASKELL, Collector for the town of Albany, for the year 1825.

Albany, May 2, 1826.

Brown's Drops for Fits.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, BROWN'S DROPS FOR FITS, the most valuable Medicine hitherto made use of, as will appear from the following account and testimonials in its favour:

This Medicine has been known and used in this country for about eighty years; but no efforts having been made to diffuse a knowledge of its efficacy, it has hitherto been principally confined to the region where the proprietor of it has resided. The original recipe from which the drops are prepared, was brought from Scotland, nearly a century ago, by Mr. James Otterson, a native of that country, by whom, and by whose recipe they were prepared as long as he lived. Mr. Otterson died subsequently to the Revolution, at the advanced age of 103 years, and the recipe then became the property of Mr. Brown of Chester, who married a daughter of Mr. Otterson. From him, it descended to his son, Mr. James Brown, by whom the medicine has been prepared in small quantities for many years, but as before observed, the knowledge of its efficacy has been limited, and few or no exertions have been made to give it that celebrity which, from its antiquity and its valuable effects in curing the distressing complaint of Fits, it so justly deserves. The medicine is still prepared by Mr. Brown, who has appointed the subscribers sole Agents for establishing agencies in various parts of the United States, and for vending said Drops. Few remedies have been more generally esteemed for the disorder of Fits where it has been thoroughly used. It may be taken by different ages and constitutions with safety where proper attention is paid to the following Directions.—That the public may have the testimony of those who have used it, we give the following certificates, of which many more of a similar kind might easily be obtained. MORRILL & FARMER, Concord, (N. H.) Dec. 20, 1825.

Directions.—These drops are to be administered as follows, viz:—for an adult, 60 drops, to be taken in a spoonful of wine or brandy, when going to bed, and 55 in the morning, immediately on rising; or children of one year, 4 drops; of two years, 9 drops; of four years, 15 drops; of fourteen years, 35 drops; but the dose is to vary according to circumstances and the constitution of the patient. Persons using them must abstain from milk, butter and cheese.—Price, \$1 per bottle.

Certificate of REUBEN COLBY, Esq. of Hebron, (N. H.) This may certify to whom it may concern, that I was taken with Fits the first of September, 1818, and in October following had one more. From that time they increased so that I had one in every fifteen days through the winter. I made application to a number of physicians, but found no relief. In May, 1819, I procured a bottle of Brown's Drops for Fits. I had one fit in June, and one in August, and have not had any from that time until now. I took one bottle and a half. My health has been gaining from that time to the present. It appears that the drops effected the cure. REUBEN COLBY. Hebron, Sept. 10, 1822.

Certificate of JOHN WHIPPLE, Esq. Attorney at Law of Hooksett.

I, JOHN WHIPPLE, of Hooksett, certify and say, that my child was attacked with fits in a very dangerous degree. Medical aid seemed to have had little or no effect. I applied to Mr. Brown, and he gave me a phial of his Drops, which I gave to my child as directed by said Brown; and I have no doubt they were of much service. After administering one phial full to my child, the fits left her, and she has been in perfect health ever since. JOHN WHIPPLE. Hooksett, June, 1823.

Certificate of Mr. ROBERT BUNTIN, Allenstown. I, Robert Buntin, of lawful age, testify and say that when I was about nineteen years old, I was taken with convulsion fits. I applied to Mr. Brown for his drops, and I found immediate relief from taking them. I am now in the fifty-sixth year of my age, and never have had any more fits since I made use of his drops; therefore, I can recommend them to the public as a valuable medicine for Fits. ROBERT BUNTIN. Allenstown, June 5, 1823.

Certificate of GEORGE HUGHES, Esq. of Concord. I certify, that about the year 1794, I employed in my office, at the Printing Business, a young man by the name of Stephen Sewall, who was subject to epileptic or convulsion fits, and whose health became greatly impaired by their frequency and severity. On hearing of the Drops for Fits prepared by Mr. Brown, of Chester, (now in Hooksett,) Mr. Sewall was advised to make use of them, which he did, to the number of only one or two phials, according to the directions. He had no return of fits after he began to take the Drops, and in a few months he appeared to be restored to a perfect state of health. He continued in my family and office for more than a year afterwards, and experienced no further inconvenience from the fits, nor any symptoms of their return. GEORGE HUGHES. Concord, Jan. 24, 1825.

Said Drops are sold wholesale and retail at the shop of Morrill & Farmer in Concord, (N. H.) and Maynard & Noyes, 39, Washington-street, Boston—Read & Spaulding, Amherst—Calvin Spaulding, Hallowell, (Me.)—Eben Fuller, Augusta—Morrill & Mitchell, Portland—Bradley & Warren, Fryeburg—John Wilkinson, Bath—W. & J. T. Poor, Belfast—G. W. Holden, Brunswick.

April 27.

POETRY.

FROM THE CONNECTICUT MIRROR.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Death found strange beauty on that cherub brow,
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip;—he touch'd the veins with ice,
And the rose faded. Forth from those blue eyes
There beam'd a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear.—With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of these curtaining lids
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear;
Charming her even to tears. The Spoiler set
His seal of silence. But there beam'd a smile
So fix'd and holy from that marble brow,
Death gaz'd and left it there: he dar'd not steal
The signet-ring of Heaven. II.

STANZAS.

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

Yes—I have loved and honoured thee,—
Nor guile, nor fear of guile were mine;
But, oh! since thou canst faithless be,
I'll grieve not for a heart like thine!

Lady, when first thine bright black eye
Met and controlled my raptured gaze,
Mine was the fond and pleading sigh
That fervent adoration pays!

Could I have known, what now I know,
Its beam but brightened to betray;
In rain had shone the spurious glow
That led a trusting heart astray.

'Tis not an eye of brightest hue
Can Woman's nobler spell impart,—
Fidelity and Feeling true
Forge the strong fetters of the heart.

And the brief charm hath lost its power—
Indignant Pride shall now rebel;
For, cold and false One! from this hour,
My soul is free.—Farwell—Farwell!

SIGNS OF RAIN.

An excuse for not accepting the invitation of a friend
to make an excursion with him.

An Oriental Poem, by the late Dr. Jenner.

1. The hollow winds begin to blow;
2. The clouds look black, the grass is low;
3. The soot falls down, the sparrows sleep;
4. And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
5. Last night the sun went pale to bed;
6. The moon in halos hid her head;
7. The boding shepherd heaves a sigh;
8. For, see a rainbow spans the sky.
9. The walls are damp, the ditches smell;
10. Clos'd is the pink-ey'd pimpernell.
11. Hark! how the chairs and tables crack;
12. Old Betty's joints are on the rack;
13. Loud quack the ducks, the peacocks cry;
14. The distant hills are looking nigh;
15. How restless are the snoring swine;
16. The busy flies disturb the kine;
17. Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
18. The cricket, too, how sharp he sings;
19. Fuss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
20. Sits, wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws.
21. Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
22. And nimbly catch th' incautious flies;
23. The glow worms, numerous and bright,
24. Illumin'd the dewy dell last night.
25. At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
26. Hopping and crawling o'er the green;
27. The whirling wind the dust obeys,
28. And the rapid eddy plays;
29. The frog has chang'd his yellow vest,
30. And in a russet coat is drest.
31. Though June, the air is cold and chill;
32. The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill;
33. My dog, so alter'd in his taste,
34. Quits mutton bones, on grass to feast;
35. And see, yon rooks, how odd their flight;
36. They imitate the gliding kite,
37. And seem precipitate to fall—
38. As if they felt the piercing ball.
39. It will surely rain, I see with sorrow;
40. Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.

THE OLO.

A Pack of Cards turned into an Almanack.

A certain notleman living in the city of London,
having a considerable deal of servants, among them
having one in whom he reposed a great deal of con-
fidence; one of his fellow servants becoming jealous
of him, went to make a complaint to his master, in or-
der to get him turned out of his service; and all he
could impeach him with, was, that he was a great
gamester at cards.

At which the Nobleman being highly displeased
(for gamesters were a set of people that he mortally
hated and detested) called him to account, in order
to chastise him for the same.

Jack, says the nobleman, what's this I've heard of
you?

I can't tell, please you lordship, says Jack, what is
it?

Why, says the nobleman, I'm informed you are a
great gamester at cards.

My lord, says Jack, who was it that informed you
so? It is a false report; I wish I could know who
told you.

'Tis no matter for that, says the nobleman, are you
really a gamester or not?

My lord, says Jack, I never played a card in my life,
nor do I know even what a card means.

Well, said the nobleman, I'm glad of that on your
account; however, we shall call the informer to the
fore, 'till we know whether the report be true.

J. With all my heart, my lord, I am very well
satisfied.

The informer being called and come to the fore.

Did you not tell me, says the nobleman, that Jack
was become a great gamester at cards?

Informer. I did, my lord, indeed.

Nobleman. Why then, you villain, how dare you
believe any one to me?

J. I did not, my lord.

Why, Jack utterly denies it.

I. I don't care, my lord; I will prove it to his face
that he is one of the greatest gamesters in London;

and to convince your lordship of the truth, search
him and you'll find a pack of cards in his pocket.

Jack being searched, the cards were hauled out of his
pocket.

The nobleman began to stamp and rage in a pas-
sion, saying, you audacious, impudent rogue, how
dare you be guilty of such a falsehood before my face?

did you not tell me, that you never played a card in
your life, nor could tell what a card meant? and now
I find them in your pockets, you villain; seeing you
are guilty, what reason had you to deny it? Had
you confessed your fault, I would be apt to forgive
you, 'till now I will punish you with the utmost se-
verity; not only because you are a gamester, but be-
cause you are a liar also.

J. My lord, your lordship may use your own plea-
sure, but, I hope, you will not condemn me for a fault
that I am not guilty of.

N. You villain! what stronger proof need there
be than the cards being found in your pocket? how
can you speak for yourself?

J. My lord, if you call these cards, I do not;
neither do I use them as such.

N. Why, what do you call them then?

J. My lord, this is my Almanack.

N. Your Almanack! you dog, did ever any one
make an Almanack of a pack of cards? you villain,
what could any one make of them?

J. My lord, I am no scholar, and for that reason I
use them as an Almanack, to rule and govern the
year by.

N. Well, Jack, if so let me hear how you manage
your cards, if I find you convert them to a proper use,
I will not in the least be angry, but will freely forgive
you.

J. Why, then, my lord, consider in the first place,
that there are four suits in the cards, that intimate
the four quarters of the year; then as there are thir-
teen in every suit, that's just as many as there are
weeks in a quarter; there are also as many lunations
in a year as there are cards in a suit; there are twelve
court-cards, which intimate the twelve months of the
year, and the twelve signs of the Zodiac, through which
the sun steers its diurnal course during the space of
ten whole years; there are fifty two cards in the pack,
and that directly answer the exact number of weeks
in the year; examine the cards a little further, and
you will find as many spots on them as there are days
in a year, there being three hundred and sixty-five
spots in a pack of cards, which are exactly the num-
ber of days in a year, these I multiply by 24 and 60
which brings me out the exact number of hours and
minutes in a year.

N. Very well, Jack, I can't say but you apply
your Almanack exceeding well, but pritheer, do you
make any further use of your cards?

J. Yes, my lord, I do a great deal.

N. Why, pritheer, Jack, what further use do you
make of them?

J. Why, my lord, sometimes I convert my cards
into a Prayer-book.

N. A Prayer-book! you villain, I am sure if you
make an Almanack of your cards, you can never
make a Prayer-book of them.

J. My lord, I'll make it appear; you know I told
you I could neither read nor write, and for that rea-
son these cards answer my purpose as well as any
Prayer-book in England.

N. Pritheer, Jack, let me hear it out; I like the be-
ginning of it very well.

J. Why, then, my lord; when I look upon these
four suits of cards, they present to me the four prin-
cipal Religions that are predominant in the world,
viz: Christianity, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Pagan-
ism; when I look over the twelve court-cards, they
remind me of the twelve Patriarchs, from whom pro-
ceeded the 12 tribes of Israel, the 12 Apostles, also the
12 Articles of the Christian Faith in which I am bound
to believe. When I look upon the King, it reminds
me of the allegiance due to his Majesty; when I look
upon the Queen, it puts me in mind of the allegiance
due to her majesty; when I look upon the Ten, it puts
me in mind of the ten cities in the plains of Sodom
and Gomorrah, destroyed with fire and brimstone from
Heaven, the ten plagues of Egypt, wherewith God
afflicted the Egyptians, when he brought the children
of Israel out of that Land, also the ten Command-
ments, and the ten Tribes of Israel which were cut
off from their wickedness; when I look upon the Nine
it puts me in mind of the nine Hierarchies, the nine
muses, and the nine noble orders amongst Men; when
I look upon the Eight it reminds me of the eight Be-
atitudes, the eight Altitudes, the persons saved in No-
ah's Ark, the eight persons mentioned in Scripture to
be released from Death to Life; when I look upon
the Seven, it puts me in mind of the Seven adminis-
tering Spirits that stand before the throne of God; the
seven seals wherewith the Book of Life is sealed;
the seven Angels with the seven Vials filled with the
indignation of the Lord, wherewith they were to
plague the Earth, as mentioned in the Apocalypse of
St. John, the seven liberal Arts and Sciences given
by God for the instructions of man, the seven Won-
ders of the World, the seven Planets that rule the
seven Days of the Week; the Six puts me mind of
the six Petitions contained in the Lord's Prayer, the
six Days of the Week that I am to work for my bread
and that I am appointed to keep the Seventh holy; the
Five puts me in mind of the Senses given by God to
Man, viz: Hearing, Seeing, Feeling, Tasting and
Smelling; the Four puts me in mind of the four Evan-
gelists, the four last things, Death, Judgment, Heav-
en, Hell; the three puts me in mind of the Trinity,
in which are three distinct Persons Co-equal and Co-
Eternal; it also puts me in mind of the three Days
that Jonas was in the Whale's belly, and the three
Hours that our Saviour hung upon the Cross, the three
Days that he lay interred in the Bowels of the Earth;
the Two puts me in mind of the two Testa-
ments, the Old and New, containing the Law and
the Gospel, the two contrary Principles struggling in
Man, viz: Virtue and Vice; then, my lord, when I
look upon the Ace, it puts me in mind I have but one
only God to adore, worship and serve, one Faith to
believe, one Truth to practise, one Baptism to
cleanse us from Original sin, and one only Master to
serve and obey.

N. Very well, Jack, I can't say but you convert
your Cards to a very good use; But now I perceive
there is one particular card in the pack that you
have not yet explained to me.

J. Which is that, my Lord?

N. Jack, when you were shuffling the Cards you
passed from the Queen to the Ten, and laid by the
Knave; doth that put you in mind of nothing?

J. That is right, my Lord; I had like to have for-
got that, when I look upon the Knave it puts me in
mind of your Lordship.

N. What, you villain! do you account me a Knave
before my face?

J. No, my Lord, you misapprehend me; I mean
your Lordship's Informer.

N. If so, Jack, I freely forgive you; 'tis very well
turned.

On which the Nobleman was so highly pleased with
the ready turns of Wit and Humour which he found
in Jack, that he preferred him to the highest place in
his Service, doubled his wages, and discharged the
Informer.

Reveries. A traveller on the Continent visiting the
Cathedral of — was shown by the Sacristan,
among other marvels, a dirty, opaque, glass phial.
After eyeing it some time, the traveller said, "Do
you call this a relic? Why, it is empty." "Empty!"
retorted the Sacristan, indignantly; "Sir, it contains
some of the darkness that Moses spread over the land
of Egypt."

The Dutch Justice. The following anecdote of
the decision of a Dutch Justice, may be told to those
who are in the habit of making up their minds and
pronouncing judgment, before they have heard the
arguments on both sides of a controverted question?

A cause of some importance, it is said, was tried
before a Justice of the Peace who was by descent a
Dutchman. The witnesses had been examined, and
one of the lawyers had compared his testimony, and,
as is usual, made every thing appear favourable to
his client. The other lawyer then rose for the pur-
pose of addressing his Honor on the other side of the
question; but he was suddenly interrupted by the
Justice, who said, "Stop, stop, I'm clear now, but if I
hear the arguments on either side, I may get puzzled—so
I'll give judgment."

NOTICE.

THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he has
contracted with the town of Livermore, to pro-
vide for and take care of the Poor of said town, as
well those who are supported in the town as those
who are or may become chargeable elsewhere, for
the year ensuing.—He therefore forbids all persons
furnishing any Pauper of said town on his account, as
he has made ample provision for their support at his
House in Livermore, where all persons may apply.
ROBERT HAYES.
Livermore, April 3, 1826. 97

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.....Peru.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-resident Prop-
rietors and Owners of the following Lots of
LAND, in the town of Peru, in the County of Oxford,
and State of Maine, that they are taxed in a Bill
committed to me to collect, for the year 1825, which
are as follows:

Owner's Name.	No. of Lots.	Range of Lots.	No. of Acres.	Value.	Tax.
Sylvanus Poland, two Gores, Thompson grant,	13	6	60	203	5 03
R,	"	7	8	100	25
W. Thomas,	"	7	8	100	1 13
H. Farewell,	"	8	9	100	1 13
H. Farewell,	"	10	8	100	1 13
H. Farewell,	"	5	9	100	1 13
W. Thomas,	"	8	9	100	125
H. Farewell,	"	9	9	100	160
"	"	10	12	100	1 13
"	"	4	14	100	1 13
Henry Molton,	"	16	7	100	1 13
H. Farewell,	"	8	10	100	75
F. Walton, Pecke's grant,	24			135	1 53
Stockwell,	23		100	150	1 49

And unless said Taxes and all necessary intervening
charges are paid to me the subscriber, on or before
Friday the Eleventh day of August next, so much
of said Land will be sold at Public Vendue, as will
discharge the same, at the Dwelling-house of STE-
PHEN GAMMON, in said Peru, at ten o'clock in the
forenoon.
ROBINSON TURNER, Jr.
Collector of Peru for 1825. 98

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

THE subscribers having been appointed by the
Hon. BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge of Probate,
of Wills, &c. within and for the County of Oxford,
Commissioners to receive and examine the Claims of
the several Creditors to the estate of JACOB ELLEN-
WOOD, late of Bethel, in said County, Cordwainer,
deceased, represented insolvent—herby give public
notice, that six months are allowed from the second
day of May instant, to said Creditors to bring in and
prove their claims—and that they will attend them
for that purpose at the late Dwelling-house of the de-
ceased, in Bethel, on the afternoons of the first Tues-
day in June next, the first Tuesday in August next,
the first Tuesday in October next, at one of the clock
in the afternoon of each of those days.
BARBER BARTLETT, } Comm'rs.
JAMES WALKER, }
Bethel, May 7, 1826. 99

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for
the County of Oxford, on the second day of May, in
the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

EDMUND CUMMINGS, Administratrix on the es-
tate of OLIVER CUMMINGS, late of Sumner,
deceased, having presented her first account of ad-
ministration of the estate of said deceased;—likewise
her Petition for an allowance out of the personal es-
tate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administratrix give no-
tice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this
Order to be published three weeks successively in the
Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may ap-
pear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Of-
fice, in Paris, in said County, on the second Tues-
day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon,
and shew cause, if any they have, why the same
should not be allowed.
BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 97

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for
the County of Oxford, on the second day of May, in
the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

DAVID NOYES, Administrator on the estate of
WARD NOYES, late of Norwary, deceased,
having presented his third account of administration
of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice
to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this
Order, to be published three weeks successively in the
Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may ap-
pear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Of-
fice, in Paris, in said County, on the second Tues-
day of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon,
and shew cause, if any they have, why the same
should not be allowed.

BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.

A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 97

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for
the County of Oxford, on the second day of May, in
the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

BARBARA MYRICK, Executor of the last Will
and Testament of STEPHEN LANDERS, late
of Hebron, deceased, having presented his first ac-
count of administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Executor give notice
to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order
to be published three weeks successively in the Ox-
ford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear
at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office,
in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of June
next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew
cause, if any they have, why the same should not be
allowed.
BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 97

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for
the County of Oxford, on the second day of May, in
the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

LEVI HUBBARD and SAMUEL STEPHENS, Ex-
ecutors of the last Will and Testament of LEM-
UEL JACKSON, late of Paris, deceased, having
presented their fifth account of administration of the
estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Executors give notice
to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order
to be published three weeks successively in the Ox-
ford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear
at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office,
in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of June
next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew
cause, if any they have, why the same should not be
allowed.
BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 97

PROBATE NOTICES.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for
the County of Oxford, on the second day of May, in
the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

REBECCA P. LYFORD, Administratrix on the
estate of FRANCIS LYFORD, 2d., late of
Livermore, deceased, having presented her first ac-
count of administration of the estate of said deceased;
ORDERED—That the said Administratrix give notice
to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this
Order to be published three weeks successively in the
Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may ap-
pear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Of-
fice, in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday
of June next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and
shew cause, if any they have, why the same should
not be allowed.
BENJ. CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 97

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for
the County of Oxford, on the second day of May, in
the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

EENEZER BARTLETT, Administrator on the
estate of SILAS POWERS, late of Howard's
Gore, deceased, having presented his first account of
administration of the estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Administrator give notice
to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this
Order to be published three weeks successively in the
Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may ap-
pear at a Probate Court to be held at Rumford, in said
County, on the second Tuesday of September next,
at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause,
if any they have, why the same should not be allow-
ed.
BENJ. CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 97

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for
the County of Oxford, on the second day of May, in
the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

NATHANIEL ROBINSON and AARON SOULE,
Executors of the last Will and Testament of
LEVI MERRILL, late of Turner, deceased, having
presented their first account of administration of the
estate of said deceased:

ORDERED—That the said Executors give notice to
all persons interested, by causing a copy of this Order
to be published three weeks successively in the Ox-
ford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may appear
at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Office,
in Paris, in said County, on the second Tuesday of June
next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and shew cause,
if any they have, why the same should not be allow-
ed.
BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 97

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for
the County of Oxford, on the second day of May, in
the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

ON the Petition of JOSUUA WHITMAN, Admin-
istrator of the estate of SAMUEL GORHAM,
late of Turner, in said County, deceased, represent-
ing that the personal estate of said deceased is not
sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the
time of his death by the sum of nine hundred dollars
and fifty-four cents—and praying for a license to sell
and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased
as may be necessary for the payment of said debts
and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the Petitioner give notice thereof
to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons inter-
ested in said estate, by causing a copy of this Order
to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed in Pa-
ris, in said County, three weeks successively, that
they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the
Probate Office, in Paris, on the second Tuesday of
June next, at ten o'clock A. M. and shew cause, if
any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should
not be granted.
BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 97

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within
and for the County of Oxford, on the second day of
May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and
twenty-six—

ON the Petition of ELISHA BISBEE, Jr. Admin-
istrator of the estate of DANIEL BISBEE, late
of Sumner, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, rep-
resenting that the personal estate of said deceased is
not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed
at the time of his death by the sum of two hundred
and eight dollars and nine cents—and praying for a
license to sell and convey so much of the real estate
of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment
of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the Petitioner give notice thereof
to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons inter-
ested in said estate, by causing a copy of this Order
to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed in Pa-
ris, in said County, three weeks successively, that
they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the
Probate Office, in Paris, on the second Tuesday of
June next, at ten o'clock A. M. and shew cause, if
any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should
not be granted.
BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 97

At a Court of Probate holden at Paris, within
and for the County of Oxford, on the second day of
May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and
twenty-six—

ON the Petition of ELISHA BISBEE, Jr. Admin-
istrator of the estate of DANIEL BISBEE, late
of Sumner, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, rep-
resenting that the personal estate of said deceased is
not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed
at the time of his death by the sum of two hundred
and eight dollars and nine cents—and praying for a
license to sell and convey so much of the real estate
of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment
of said debts and incidental charges:

ORDERED—That the Petitioner give notice thereof
to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons inter-
ested in said estate, by causing a copy of this Order
to be published in the Oxford Observer, printed in Pa-
ris, in said County, three weeks successively, that
they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at the
Probate Office, in Paris, on the second Tuesday of
June next, at ten o'clock A. M. and shew cause, if
any they have, why the prayer of said Petition should
not be granted.
BENJAMIN CHANDLER, Judge.
A true Copy: Attest, THOMAS WEBSTER, Register. 97

To the Hon. Judge of the Court of Probate,
within and for the County of Oxford.

THE undersigned, heirs and representatives of
the heirs in the estate of STEPHEN ROBINSON,
late of Paris, in said County, Yeoman, deceased, re-
quest that the Hon. Court aforesaid would order that
the Real Estate of said Robinson be divided among
said heirs, so that each one may hold and possess his
respective share in severally.

AULINA ROBINSON,
STEPHEN BLAKE,
JOSEPH WALKER,
DANIEL STOWELL, Jr.
LEVI STOWELL, Guardian to ELIZA, ADELINA,
HANNAH and JANE ROBINSON.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for
the County of Oxford, on the second day of May, in
the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and twenty-six—

UPON the foregoing Petition, ORDERED—That the
Petitioners give notice to all persons interested, by
causing a copy of said Petition with this Order there-
on to be published three weeks successively in the
Oxford Observer, printed at Paris, that they may ap-
pear at a Probate Court to be held at the Probate Of-